

T H E
Country Correspondent. K

BEING, A
LETTER
FROM A
COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
TO A
FRIEND in TOWN.

I N
Which is contained, a Short Reply to
Mr. COMMON SENSE, occasioned by
his Paper of *Saturday April 7. 1739.*

A N D
An ESSAY towards the Character of
Squire FLASH: Which, if he likes, and the
Cap fits him, he is welcome to wear it.

W I T H
A Hint at the Members of his *Ox-head* Club.

Seria Jocis.

NUMBER I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*
Noster-Row; and Sold by the Booksellers of
London and *Westminster.* 1739.

[Price Six Pence.]

THE
Country Correspondence
LETTER
COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
JOURNAL



43.
7. 6.
369.

NUMBER
LONDON



A

LETTER
FROM A
COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,
TO A
FRIEND in TOWN.

SIR,

Saturday, April 7th, 1739.



Have long'd to see you,
and talk with you; but
the Attendance of the
Great keeps you in Town, and the
Desire of Health has brought me
into the Country : I am sorry we are

B

either

either of us in want of one or the other; but since that is the Case, we are both right, and I wish both Success.

Riding out this Day, by *Hampton-Court*, gave me various Reflections.--- Recollection brought to my Memory many past Things; among the rest, I remembered to have seen that Palace, in the late King's Reign, thronged with Whigs of both Sexes, with chearful Countenances, that confessed their inward Joy of Heart from the Possession of Liberty and Property, and being freed from the Apprehensions of Popery, Slavery, and Arbitrary Power---A Ruin we narrowly escaped: But, I will tell you an odd Thought occurred to me---I doubted whether that Joy did not then proceed as much from the Novelty of the

the Happiness, as from the real Possession of it: For, alas! *England* seems now sated with Luxury, Felicity, and Ease; and, for dear Variety, what would some of my Countrymen stop at? I doubt, whether the Fall of a certain Great Man, to whom, next to the Monarch, perhaps, we greatly owe all this Joy, would not have more numerous Attendants, could Malice bring it on, than ever crouded to his Levee, as a Minister; to which Situation, his honest Services to his King and Country, have given him so just a Title: And what has he done? Why, he has been too long the steady Patron of Liberty, and the faithful Servant of a Gracious Master; in short, he has been in the Right too long---Malice, Rancour, Envy, and all the little Piques of depraved Nature, will attend a Series of Suc-

B 2

cess;

cess ; I see it in publick and private,
from the Prince to the Peasant.

And, what is it our modern Patriots would be at? I will tell you, though I need not, for you know already ;---but, as I said I would, I will keep my Word. They would destroy the Man, to lay hold of his Power ; and would they make a better Use of it?-----To be sure, say they ----- But, what says *Common Sense*? (I do not mean the impudent impotent Libel, that so improperly, and immodestly, assumes that Name, but real *Common Sense*) Why---That they would (could they get into his Post) make *another* Use of his Power, is past all doubt ; but whether they would make a *better* Use of it, I hope will never be in their Power to prove : I doubt it would be a dear-bought

Ex-

Experience-----And, I think, it is
mighty well as it is.

I was going on, but was interrupted by my Landlord. He is an honest Haberdasher of Small Ware, and a deep Polititian; with an Air of Triumph, he gave me the Paper of this Day, called *Common Sense*, to read; I smiled at my Neighbour *Stay-tape* when he told me it was a *Stinger*, as he called it: I read it, and told him, I was sorry my Opinion should differ from his Wisdom---But I was really at a Loss to know which it merited most, Contempt or Anger.---Having little to do, I found a Propensity in my Nature to take some Notice of it, which, for your Amusement, I send you, either to publish, or conceal, as you think fit, or find yourself in Humour.

You

You may call it, if you please, a
Letter ----

To the *Author of Common Sense.*

Sweet Sir,

AS you call yourself the *Author*
of *Common Sense*, methinks,
were you to pay some Regard to com-
mon Decency, you would not have less
Claim to the Title: I shall pass over
many Paragraphs of your Scurrility,
wherein, with exquisite eloquent Bil-
linggate, you rail at Abuse, and at
once come to your Paragraph.

“ Your threat’ning to crush others,
“ cannot frighten, when the publick
“ Vengeance is ready to crush thy
“ self.—It is plain, that one of your
“ Family is frighten’d out of his Wits
“ by

“ by the Guard of *Ruffians* which
 “ he has hired for his Person. Sure
 “ you don’t fancy that this is a Se-
 “ cret, when every Body has seen
 “ him surrounded by them in Pub-
 “ lick.—If the Bravoes should com-
 “ mit a Murder, will that avail him?
 “ No, he may disband his *Ruf-*
 “ *fians*.----”

Pray, dear Sir, who told you the
 publick Vengeance is ready to crush
 this Man? And who are you, who
 dare, under a Mask, assert so im-
 pudent a Falshood? The Lie is too
 coarse a Word to use, but not too
 coarse for you to receive, so take
 it as your Desert:—Who is it is
 guarded by *Ruffians*? Speak out,
 thou malicious Treason Retailer.
 Should a worthy Man, in passing
 thro’ a Croud, be attended by ho-
 nest

nest Friends, who would not suffer him to fall the Prey of Rancour, Malice, Envy, and Infatuation, must they be Ruffians, or this Man a Coward? Thou bad-hearted, addle-headed Mortal, shew thyself, and know, the lowest, who ever wished him well, would whip thee into better Manners——Tho', thy Madness and Malice are so extraordinary, Doctor *Monro* should be applied to to cure the one, and the Beadle of the Parish to punish the other:——But, I doubt, I grow too warm, and thy Libel infects me. Tho' Honesty cannot be too warm in the Defence of Truth, nor a sincere Heart in the reprovings of Falshood.

“ The *Craftsman* and *Common*
 “ *Sense* write in Defence of the
 Honour,

“ Honour, the Trade, and the Li-
 “ berties of *England*:—The ho-
 “ nestest and most sensible Men of
 “ the Kingdom think their *Works*
 “ deserve Encouragement, and the
 “ whole Nation approves them.”

Boh ! what a Bounce is here ?
 so all Men are Fools or Knaves,
 that do not buy your Libels, and
 wonder at your Works—a concise,
 modest Assertion, truly !——But,
 what if it should not be true ?

The *Craftsman* and *Common Sense*
 (you say) write in the Defence of
 the Honour, the Trade, and the
 Liberties of *England*.——Why, 'tis
 prodigious kind of 'em ; and they
 are pretty Advocates truly : No,
 Chicken, the *Craftsman* and *Com-*
mon Sense, do all they can, or dare,

C

with

with the most malicious Invectives, and low Insinuations, to throw an Odium on the Royal Family, and that Ministry who really Protect our Trade and Liberties ; while the Patrons of your Paper (who are only angry because they are not in Place) exert their utmost base Endeavours, to betray the Secrets of the Administration to foreign Powers ; and then smile at the Disappointments we may be liable to from their Villany ; such a Smile, as is well expressed in a single Line by a celebrated Poet, whose Wit is justly famous, and will ever be admired, tho' the Vehemence of it may, now and then, betray him into a Spirit of Licentiousness, his cooler Judgment, perhaps, would reprove. The Line runs thus, and paints you all well.

“ *A Fiend*

“ *A Fiend in Glee ridiculously Grim.*

“ The Honest and Sensible!—
No, Child, the Turbulent and
Madheaded, the disappointed Jaco-
bites, mingled with wild Repub-
licans, who are for destroying all
Order and Decency whatsoever—
These are they who encourage and
approve your Works: While ratio-
nal People join in their Contempt
and Detestation of your mean At-
tacks.

Pretty Master, who is your pre-
sent Dictator? your Peerless Patron
and known Intimate, the Director
of the Theatre, Squire *Flash*? No,
I ask his Pardon, he is not Master
enough of Sense or *English*, even to
furnish out *one Paper* of your Weekly
Libel, tho' some of his Club of would-

be Wits, should join him ; tho' he should be assisted by that extraordinary Poet Mr. *Fustian*, the Author of *King Charles*, or *Master Sonnet*, whom he allows a yearly Income (when he can get it Paid) to write occasional Puff-Paragraphs, &c. in Defence of his Theatrical Conduct : Nay, I doubt, they would fail, tho' assisted by his bashful, well-bred, unchanged, illiterate *Irish* Associates, or all the Riff-Raff and Dregs of his Buskin-Society.

How much his concealed Friend, the celebrated Author of *Ill-Manners*——or *Squire C-----* (who owes his Title to his Christianity, and who has little Title to Christianity but his Name, as he has no Claim to a Title but his having been Christened)——How much these last
may

may be concerned, I shall not pretend to say : But, as your *Oxhead* Club have made themselves so very particular, I will, when I have so much Time to throw away, write the History of you all, beginning with your illustrious President.

Ex Pede Herculem.

By him guess at the rest ; and so take the Heads of the different Chapters of his History, as they now occur to me.

CHAP. I.

Containing his Birth, Parentage, and Education——Shewing how he was Born of honest Parents, who, unfortunately mistaken in their Principles, bred Master Shapely under a Jesuit ; who, tho' he could not instil
Sense

*Sense into him, taught him the whole
Art and Mystery of Sneer and
Deceit.*

CH A P. II.

*How he run away from School,
e'er he had well learned to Read or
Write; how he took to driving of
Coaches, and, before he had made
himself compleat Master of the Whip,
was thrown out of the Box, by which
he got such a Flaw in his Scull, his
Head has not been right ever since.*

CH A P. III.

*How he loved buttered Buns—
and took Dolls for fine Ladies—
How he got acquainted with Rakes,
Sharpers, Idle-women, common Game-
sters, broken Tradesmen, and Strolers
—and how, having been a compleat
Bubble*

Bubble to them all, he endeavoured to retrieve his Fortune, by Bite, Bam, and the best of the Lay; but, unfortunately, had not Abilities to go thro' with it.

CHAP IV.

How he was prosecuted on the Gaming Act, for the Ruin of a young Gentleman---How by the Assistance of a Brother Coachman and Schemist, he, at a great Expence, bush'd up the Affair privately, and then publicly triumphed for his pretended Victory.

CHAP. V.

How (being a Publick-Spirited Man) he kept Running-Horses for others to ride, and many fine Ladies ----for others to entertain themselves with.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How ke kept a Man alive (who had been dead several Years) to keep a just Claimant out of a large Estate, while the Produce of it went to Money-Lenders, Tat-Mongers, sharking Attorneys, Bum-Bailiffs, Low-Flatterers, and Penny-Pot Poets, &c. to feed his Vanity, and keep his Calicoe Carcass out of a Gaol.

CHAP. VII.

How at his first setting out, being looked upon as a hopeful Youth, he met with some Encouragement; How proving Incorrigle, Gentlemen shun'd his Company---And the Persons who daily resorted to him, were the above-mentioned Clan, joined with the Scum of a Play-house,

*house, conceal'd Papists and Jacobites;
and others, the Refuse of Mankind,
whose Business was as follows---*

1st, To flatter his Ignorance, and
declare him only fit to judge of Poe-
try and Politicks -----Religion and
Race-Horses-----Plays, Poems, and
Players of both Sexes-----Painting,
Cudgel-Playing, Books, Boxing, Hi-
story, Politicks, &c. all which he
understood-----one as well as the
other.

2d, To calumniate, slander, and
backbite, all who oppos'd the Ho-
nourable Squires Measures--To spread
his Lies; and swear whatever he
asserted.

3d, To gobble down his ill-dress'd
Meat, and swallow his stumm'd Wine,

D

which

which passed upon them for good, as they knew no better; and which he was oblig'd to take up with, from the unlucky Deficiency of Cook's Wages, and the Merchant's waiting for his Money,

CHAP. VIII.

How he grew a Bungler in OEconomy--Awkward in paying his Debts--Out of Luck in performing his Contracts——And had but a bad Knack, or slow Propensity, as to keeping his Word.

CHAP. IX.

How he hired Bravoes and Bullies, to go to the Theatre, to the Nuisance of Society, the Disturbance of his Majesty's Liege Subjects in their innocent
Di-

Diversions ; the dawbing of Ladies Petticoats ; the affronting of Gentlemen ; the Breach of the Peace, and good Manners ; and how he looked frightened, and denied it all, when he had done.

CHAP. X.

How being a deep Judge of all Things——He mistook Profuseness for Generosity ; Obstinacy for Resolution ; Evasion, Grinning, and ill Manners, for Wit, Humour, and Good-breeding ; ——Noise for Mirth ; Ribaldry for Sense ; Low-cunning and Artifice for Wisdom and Policy ; Blustering for Bravery ; and Rashness for Courage. Every Folly or Vice for its opposite Sense or Virtue ; as also, how he mistook himself——for a pretty Gentleman.

CHAP. XI.

How he spent more of his Estate in Premiums and Interest, than would have twice paid the Principal Sums he borrow'd; and how he laid out three times more Money in Law, than would have paid every Body their just Due-- And how having been sued through all the Courts of Justice and Equity, he thought himself sufficiently qualified to be called to the Bar, or sit on the Bench——Also, how he was as fit for the one as the other.

CHAP. XII.

How having tried at every Thing, to little Purpose, he turn'd modern State-mender; in which Situation he made
as

as good a Figure as he had in every one else.

CHAP. XIII.

How sinking in his Fortune, he try'd to be Director of the Theatre, where he met with some Success; all which he attributed to his own dear Merits: Though it was really owing to a Scarcity of Diversions in the Town, the Abilities of others, and several concurring lucky Circumstances.

CHAP. XIV.

How by paltry Proceedings he set some of his best Actors to cutting of Throats (though they were but few in Number) that he might be exempt from paying them their Salaries, and disappoint the rest of his Players from
having

*having their Benefits, as well as the
Town of their Diversions.*

C H A P. XV.

*How he imposed on his Mother's
Fondness, to the settling of her Join-
ture upon him; and then took such
Measures, as made her asham'd of her
Offspring, and retire from the Kingdom
where——Requiescat in Pace.*

C H A P. XVI.

*How he broke his Contract with a
Lady of Beauty, Fortune, Family, and
Reputation; and how he grew fond of
Tragedy Princess's.*

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

How some of the fine Attresses told him he was a Man of Parts, Beauty, Comeliness, Honour, Honesty, Generosity, Understanding, &c. &c.--- And how he knew but little of the Matter, and how they laugh'd at him among themselves.

C H A P. XVIII.

How he learned to Spell the Words Honour, Truth, Gratitude, Friendship, and Humanity, 'till he thought he knew what they meant.

C H A P. XIX.

How he Converted the Stage, designed for a School of Morality and
Diver-

Diversion, into a School of Sedition and Politicks; and, instead of a polite Assembly, caused it to become a Scene of Riot and Uproar, and made it a meer Bear-Garden.

CHAP. XX.

How, by the Force of his uncommon Talents, he brought several of his Players to be of one Mind (a Thing rarely known) viz. to hold him exceeding Cheap; how they treated him accordingly: And how he deserved it—How sincerely he dealt with Authors—How he judged of them, and how they honoured him—How he was all of a Piece—as will sufficiently be shewn.

CHAP. XXI.

How he met with a Woman who behaved well to him, and how he used her—How from a noble Principle of Honour, and having a great Spirit, he was the Slave of his Superiors, and a Tyrant to his Inferiors, if any such could be found. How he heard every Body's Advice, and generally followed the worst—'till finding the old Saying true (the more Cooks the worse Broth) He resolved on following his own wise Notions alone, and how he stumbled, blundered, and floundered, and wished somebody would help him out of the Mire—And how nobody cared to assist him.

CHAP. XXII.

How he had a Throne erected at the Bear-Garden, where VINEGAR, and his Assistants were hired to roar out —Holla! Boys, Hollow——Here comes the Squire: How he laughed when others laughed——And thought he found out the Joke.

CHAP. XXIII.

How he got an idle naughty Custom of Fibbing, and how he could not leave it off; also, how he had a bad Memory, so was found out, and made but a bad Figure.

CHAP. XXIV.

*How he got a second-hand Irish Poet to read fine new Plays to him---
How*

How his Carpenter, Taylor, and Candle-Snuffer, join'd in Consultation on the Merit of those Plays—How they told him all they knew, which was equal to all he could tell them, and how—He was as wise as he was before.

C H A P. XXV.

How unskilled in Regularity, and for want of Resolution, he turned his Mock-Monarchy into Confusion and Anarchy.

C H A P. XXVI.

How he was established in his Theatrical Throne (where he played the Mock-Monarch for five or six Years) by the Assistance of a young,
com-

comical Captain, who took a proper Opportunity (in Obedience to the Commands of his Superiors) to shew this Prince Pretty-man the shortest Way out of his Dukedom—So ends Part the First.

Part the Second will contain (according as he behaves for the Future) his Reformation--Or, his last Dying Speech and Confession, to his Ghostly Father, Fryar *Dominic*.

Thus, you see, I have thrown these Thoughts loosely on Paper, but being tired of so low a Subject (which probably may have drawn me into a low Stile) I must hasten to conclude,



Yours, &c.

F I N I S.

Speedily will be published,

NUMBER II.

OF THE

Country Correspondent.

In which will be contained,

The Green-Room Display'd ;

OR, THE

WORLD in MINIATURE.

WITH

A Seasonable Warning to Would-be
Patriots, set forth in the Case of
the unfortunate, mistaken Duke
of *Wh_____n*.

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

From the Theatre.

— *A Man so various, that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.* DRYD.

(To be continued occasionally.)

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the unfortunate, mistaken Duke
of Windsor.

From the Theatre.
Total Murther eight Millions.

Not one, but all Mankind's Enemies.
A Man so various, that he can't be
Dread.

(To be continued occasionally.)